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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

## VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1878.

NUMBER 25.

### THE PRESIDENTS' GRAVES.

Where the Seventeen Dead Men  
Who Have Ruled the United  
States Repose.

Ninth Costly Piles, in Modest Tombs,  
or Neglected under Briers  
and Weeds.

(From the New York World.)

Of late the subject of Presidents'  
graves has been frequently before the  
public. Congress has granted an ap-  
propriation to erect a monument over  
the tomb of Jefferson and a similar  
appropriation is sought for that of

Taylor; filial piety has just decorated  
the grave of Johnson with a costly and  
beautiful memorial structure; the rav-  
ages of body-snatchers have been de-  
tected round the resting-places of Lin-  
coln and Harrison.

To no writer had it  
occurred to collect so much as the  
facts of the places of interment of the  
seventeen dead Presidents; indeed, a  
two days' search in the Astor Library  
was necessary to obtain the points of  
departure, which in two cases at least  
proved conspicuously inaccurate. Har-  
rison was declared to be buried at Great  
Bend, while Taylor's remains were said  
to rest at Washington. Washington  
authorities placed his grave at Baton  
Rouge, La., and it was only after a careful  
search that a resident of Baton Rouge  
found that there was no President interred  
there. An officer of the United States Army  
next courteously afforded positive information  
that the grave was at Newport, Ky.; it was  
not there, but a Newport correspondent  
found it at Louisville.

The body had only rested there a few  
months, having been removed from a  
ruined country burying-place; it was  
soon to be taken to Frankfort. The  
search of the *World* correspondents  
brought out many other interesting  
incidents: Thus at Richmond it was  
found that Monroe's grave had been  
mysteriously despoiled, and that but  
for Wise's arbitrary action he would  
probably never have had a monument;

while Tyler, voted a state funeral and  
monument, sleeps in his own burial-  
lot without so much as a shingle to  
tell his name. But it will be best to  
give their concise recitals, leaving for  
future presentation many interesting  
details, picturesque, personal or his-  
torical, noted during their visits to the  
Presidents' graves.

The parallel column is devoted to  
his "beloved and only wife," Abigail,  
who "at his side sleeps till the trumpet  
shall sound," "in every relation of  
life a pattern of filial, conjugal, ma-  
ternal and social virtue." "During a  
union of more than half a century  
they survived in harmony of sentiment,  
principle and affection the tempest of  
civic commotion, meeting undisturbed  
and surmounting the terrors and tri-  
als of that Revolution which se-  
cured the freedom of their country,  
improved the condition of their times  
and brightened the prospects of futu-  
rity to the race of man upon earth."

At the bottom of the slab is this  
verse:

D. O. M.  
Beneath these walls  
are deposited the mortal remains of  
John and Susanna (Loyston) Adams,  
Second President of the United States.  
Born 19-30 October 1735.

On the fourth of July, 1776, he pledged his  
life, fortune and sacred honor  
to the cause of his country.  
On the seal of September 1783, he affixed  
his seal to the definite treaty with  
Great Britain.

which acknowledged that independence  
and consummated the redemption of his  
pledge.

On the fourth of July, 1826,  
he was succeeded by John Quincy Adams,  
to the Independence of Immortality  
and to the Judgment of his God.

This house will bear witness to his piety:  
this town, his birthplace, to his munificence:

History to his patriotism:

Posterity to the depth and composure of his  
mind.

Born, April 2, O. S., 1743.  
Died, July 4, 1826.

The parallel column is devoted to his  
"beloved and only wife," Abigail, who  
"at his side sleeps till the trumpet  
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improved the condition of their times  
and brightened the prospects of futu-  
rity to the race of man upon earth."

At the bottom of the slab is this  
verse:

PILGRIM—

From this place  
Reposes all that could die of

John Quincy Adams,  
Son of John and Abigail (Smith) Adams,  
Sixth President of the United States.

Born 11 July, 1767, amidst the storms of civil  
commotion;

he nursed the vigor which inspires a Chris-  
tian nation.

For more than half a century  
Whenever his country called for his labors  
In either hemisphere or in any capacity,  
he never spared himself in her cause.

On the 24th day of December, 1817,  
He signed the second treaty with Great  
Britain,

which restored Peace within her borders.

On the twenty-third of February, 1848,  
he closed sixteen years of eloquent defense  
of the rights of his youth

by dying at his post.

in her greatest national Council.

A Son worthy of his Father,

A Citizen shedding glory on his Country,

A Scholar ambitious to advance Mankind

In the sight of his God.

The other column is devoted to his  
partner for fifty years, Louisa Catherine  
Johnson, of whom it is recorded that,  
"living through many vicissitudes and  
under high responsibilities, as a  
daughter, wife and mother she proved  
equal to all; dying, she left to her  
family and her sex the blessed remem-  
brance of a woman that feareth the  
Lord." Beneath the parallel column  
is the verse:

A. O.

Near this place  
Reposes all that could die of

John Quincy Adams,  
Son of John and Abigail (Smith) Adams,  
Sixth President of the United States.

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For more than half a century  
Whenever his country

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1873.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, (Associate  
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, Editors.  
23 Linden St., Cleveland O.)  
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor,  
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF A VERY WORTHY OBJECT.

For some time past intimate friends of the late venerable Prof. J. R. Burnet, under a deep sense of obligation and respect, and knowing the worthiness of the deceased, have been exerting themselves in the direction of raising funds to be used in the erection of a suitable monument to perpetuate his memory. No one more than ourself rejoices to notice the perfect harmony existing between the various parties who have been concerned in the movement, and the alacrity with which a sufficient amount of money has been raised for the purchase of the monument, so fairly won, and so richly deserving of it as Professor Burnet. It is indeed a matter of no small consolation to the friends of the deceased, and to the friends of deaf-mute education, that a memorial suited to one so worthy of it is now provided for, and will soon be erected at the last earthly resting-place of our esteemed friend, and the friend of all deaf-mutes—Prof. J. R. Burnet.

Many thanks are due the Fanwood Literary Association for pushing the project with so much zeal, and to all who have assisted by contributions of money.

Elsewhere in our paper we publish the correspondence between Dr. I. L. Peet and the board of managers of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association in relation to the monument, which will be read with interest by many of our subscribers.

## MINOR TOPICS.

There are two things of especial moment which we wish to have debated at the coming teachers' convention. They are simple things, and the convention ought not to be long in making up its mind about them.

In the first place we would like to know how and when a class of deaf-mutes should be examined. Is once a month too often, is once a year too little? If so quarterly examinations the happy mean? Should they be made as hard as possible, or as easy, or a compound of the two? Should the teachers, collectively as a faculty, where the questions are written and printed, have anything to say about their wording, or should they be left in the dark? Is a teacher supposed to be of any use in these examinations, or is he and his advice a sort of nullity? Should the pupil be required to confine himself strictly to the text of the questions, if printed, and be denied sign-explanation of the text itself?

Is the old system of card-examinations good and worthy? Should each school have a functionary known as special examiner—somebody higher than the common railway spotter?

We have often wondered why it is that in the large institutions, where there is presumed to be enough work for the incumbent, the position of chaplain is not created and somebody in that capacity duly installed among the officers. We know that the principal, professors and teachers of every institution are competent to conduct morning services in the chapel, to give a daily or an occasional prayer, and to give a tolerable lecture every Sabbath in the chapel, but it is not their business.

There is a growing increase of clergy among the deaf, and no one who has taken holy orders has as yet found himself able to locate in one place and secure support from his profession. If there were openings in the institutions some of them might secure permanent locations, and be of much use to the mutes living in the vicinity; but not of the institution. This however, is a side-issue. We do not intend to speak particularly of the deaf-mute clergymen nor to suggest places for them; generally the chaplain of an institution should be a hearing man; one of the local ministers might take the office in connection with his own charge. Of course there would be a good deal of interpreting to do unless

some school was so lucky as to get hold of one who understood the sign language. We hope the convention will say a word or two at least about this.

One thing more: Will not the convention, by a decided expression of opinion, encourage some well-fitted deaf-mute to study medicine and become a physician? The opinion is gaining among some men that a deaf-mute well versed in the mysteries of medicine would be a valuable addition to the corps of officers. Serious if not fatal disease is sometimes provoked by the attending physician not being able to correctly diagnose the patient, the lack of perfect communication being the bar. A deaf-mute physician would be to the physical the deaf-mute pupil what the deaf-mute teacher often is to the mental training of the mute—the only one that can successfully reach it. At all events, the consulting and attending physician of the school would find such a person handy.

William Cullen Bryant died at his residence, No. 24 West Sixteenth street, New York, at 5:35 A. M., Wednesday, June 12th, 1873.

The immediate cause of his death was an accident which occurred to him on the afternoon of May 27th, after the ceremonies attending the uncovering of the bust of Mazzini in Central Park. He was driven to the Park in his carriage, but was quite fatigued when he reached the platform, and complained a little of the heat of the sun. He made a speech of about twenty minutes, and while concluding it stood directly in the rays of the sun, and sat down exhausted. When the public exercises were over he was prevailed upon by General James Grant Wilson to visit the latter's residence in Seventy-fourth street, though he had previously expressed a wish to drive directly to his own home, and the two gentlemen proceeded on foot, accompanied by the little daughter of General Wilson, reaching the General's residence about 4 o'clock, Mr. Bryant being full of chat with his companions throughout the entire distance. As General Wilson, after having assisted his feeble friend up the steps to the high stoop, was unlocking the inner door he heard a singular sound behind him, and turning saw Mr. Bryant lying prostrate upon the stoop, and heard a ringing blow as his head struck the broad stone. He lay as one dead, but after partly recovering consciousness, after having been carried into the house, he expressed a wish to go home, preferring a street car to carriage, which the General proposed to call. He rose from his couch, but nearly fell again, and said, "I am very weak." He was assisted to a car, placed in a corner seat, and rode to Union Square, where he was helped into a cab and driven to his own door, on his way home talking but little, being somewhat bewildered, and occasionally as the car stopped asking in a mechanical way, "Where are we now?" On reaching his home he asked, "Whose house is this? What street are we in?" General Wilson replied by urging him to go in and take a little rest. Apparently by force of habit Mr. Bryant, who was still evidently confused, took his own key and opened the door.

Entering the dining-room he sank into an easy chair and slowly and deliberately said: "I am a very sick man." He was moved up stairs soon afterward and never again left his room, though at times he seemed to rally. It is thought that he was not at any time fully conscious after the fall.

Flags at half-mast conveyed the first public announcement to the people of New York of the death of Mr. Bryant. The remains were placed in a temporary casket containing a compartment for ice, and were viewed by ex-Governor Tilden, Peter Cooper, Judge Daly, General Wilson, and other friends. The face was but little changed. At one time his friends had hoped for his recovery, but on Saturday, June 7th, there came a change for the worse. Up to that time he had by signs and occasionally by word testified to his recognition of friends. After the change he was unconscious till his death. Ex-Governor Tilden, who called at 11 o'clock Tuesday night was almost the last person who saw him alive. The aged poet lingered only a few hours longer. His life-long friend, Mr. Graham; his daughter, Miss Julia Bryant; Miss Godwin, a granddaughter; his physician and nurses were the only persons in the room when he died. Mr. Bryant's other daughter, Mrs. Parke Godwin, and her husband, are at a watering place in Germany. They were immediately informed by cablegram of the sad event. The poet's two brothers, Arthur Bryant and John Howard Bryant, arrived at noon from their home in Princeton, Ill.

An extemporized committee, composed of John D. Bigelow, Mr. Graham, and Dr. Gray, agreed upon the arrangements for the funeral, which, however, were left open to alteration by Miss Bryant. Mr. Bryant was a member of the Unitarian Church of All Souls, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street.

William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummings, Hampshire county, Mass., November 3d, 1794. He was the son of Dr. Peter Bryant. He was trained in the common schools of his native town. Before he saw the academy he began to scribble verses, in which he received the encouragement of his couch around him and lay down to pleasant dreams.

On Sunday, June 9th, one hundred and fifty thousand New Yorkers, one-seventh of the city's population, took an airing in Central Park.

Bryant were, even at that tender age, meritorious that it was clear to keen observers that nature had dedicated him to the Muses.

After passing through the preparatory courses Bryant entered the sophomore class of William's College, and at the end of two years stood at the head of his class in classics and in belles lettres. He retired from college at the beginning of the senior year, bent himself to the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1815, just before he was twenty-one years of age. "The Embargo" was written by him before he entered upon the legal profession. It is a satirical little gem in which he ridiculed President Jefferson and other leaders of the Democratic party, from which it is supposed that he was at that time a Federalist, though in later days he was known as a Democrat, but of independent proclivities.

Bryant was a sharp and, to some extent, a successful lawyer in the rural districts of old Berkshire, and won his due share of the suits in which he was engaged, but, his nature yearning for a literary life, he was constrained to throw up his briefs.

In 1817, at the age of 23, he struck the key-note of his illustrious career by publishing in the *North American Review* his poem, "Thanatopsis," perhaps the most celebrated of his gifts to the Muses. It is claimed by some that "Thanatopsis" was composed four years before its publication, when the author was only 19, but this is very highly improbable. This poem, however, gave Bryant a wide reputation, and he commenced to write for reviews and newspapers. In 1821 he delivered a poem, entitled "The Ages," before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard College, and the next year published in Boston a volume of his works, which placed him in the front ranks of American bards. In 1829 Mr. Bryant bade good-by to Massachusetts and made his abode in New York.

He first engaged on a monthly periodical, entitled the *New York Review and Athenaeum Magazine*, in which appeared many criticisms of current works and some of his choicest verses. The next year he became the editor of the *Evening Post*, then one of the oldest daily newspapers in the country. From 1826 till the hour of his death, a period of 52 years, the name of William Cullen Bryant has been closely identified with that journal. In 1828, when Jackson was elected President, some of the best articles which appeared in that paper, on the Jacksonian side, were from the pen of Bryant.

Mr. Bryant was ever a firm advocate of free discussion, concerning the slave trade, even in the most turbulent days of Abolitionism, when many other public exponents of free thought, and some of his choicest verses. The next year he became the editor of the *Evening Post*, then one of the oldest daily newspapers in the country. From 1826 till the hour of his death, a period of 52 years, the name of William Cullen Bryant has been closely identified with that journal.

The oldest New England deaf-mute is George Comstock, aged 83. Is there another as old or older in any state?

Mrs. Mary W. Steers, formerly a pupil of the Virginia Institution, lately visited her old associates at that institution.

Some of the Kansas printing-offices have deaf-mute compositors, who are credited with being steady and industrious.

A mute, whose name may not have been correctly given, was sent to the work-house in Pittsburg, Pa., for vagrancy.

At a recent service in Indiana, by Rev. A. W. Mann, a deaf-mute walked twenty miles for the purpose of attending.

The *Mirror*, in winding up and reviewing its work for the past year, hopes that everybody has got his fifty cents' worth.

The Kentucky Institution has plenty of ice. It has the cream it will be a very easy task to compound an agreeable mixture.

Miss Jennie M. Campbell, of Cincinnati, a deaf-mute, is at present making her married sister and friends a visit in Columbus, O.

Principal DeMotte, of the Wisconsin Institution, contemplates a trip to Lake Superior, some time during this summer's vacation.

They are through with the examinations at the Illinois Institution and have chucked the papers away among the institution's archives.

An uneducated mute woman, fifty years old, is working for a family in Jacksonville, Ill., right under the shadow of the institution.

Since the parade on Decoration Day the boys at the Illinois Institution have a great taste for and exercise largely in military drill.

"Circles" is what the Milwaukee papers call the investigating committee appointed to look into the affairs of the Wisconsin Institution.

On Friday, the 7th inst., it was holiday at the Illinois Institution. The scholars went to the fair grounds and enjoyed an excellent picnic.

J. E. Gleason, a pupil of the Minnesota Institution, put his elbow out of joint while playing. Dr. Nichols adjusted it and he is doing very well.

The shoe shop and cabinet shop boys of the Michigan Institution have made some very fine articles to be exhibited the last week of the term.

The editor of the *Advance*, and his family, were favored with green peas on the 4th inst. We wish we could have been there to dine with them.

The *Ranger* hints that it knows where to find those dictionaries of the sign-language; but it wants the *Mirror* to promise to go snakes in the reward.

By the destruction by fire of a cork factory in Pittsburgh, recently, several deaf-mutes were thrown out of employment. Too bad; sorry for them.

Miss Kimball, a teacher at the Minnesota Institution, will go to Baraboo, Wis., during vacation, and Miss Eddy, of the same institution will visit Minnesota.

The *Star*, pupil's edition, comes out on pink paper, announces that Job Turner has arrived, spells good with three o's, twinkles a bit, and then disappears till fall.

The *Mirror* is going to publish a *Roll of Honor* of pupils who have been correct in everything the past term. By good rights it should not contain a single name.

The *Advance* man studied assiduously before he graduated, according to his own account, to overcome his idioms; so hard that he came near going to a consumptive's grave.

From the tower of the Minnesota Institution

one may take a glorious view of thousands of acres of growing wheat on the rolling prairies, wooded hills, rivers and lakes.

Albert C. Gordon, of Geneva, N. Y., was recently in Rochester, making calls upon his friends, among whom is Mr. John C. Acker, whose residence is at No. 2 Franklin street.

There has not been a serious case of sickness at the Wisconsin Institution during the entire school year, and for months the sick-room has been entirely deserted.

The editor of the Kentucky *Deaf-mute* cannot go to Paris on account of the pressure of business. Lack of money does the same for many of his contemporaries.

*Self-praise* is half scandal.—*Advance*.

We are doing a great work. \*\*\* We established the North-Western Deaf-Mute Christian Association and pay forty dollars interest annually.—*Advance*.

On Sunday, June 9th, one hundred and fifty thousand New Yorkers, one-seventh of the city's population, took an airing in Central Park.

The editor of the *Press* asks for one thousand dollars to be laid out for a press, type and other necessary materials, when he feels sure the paper will prove a financial success.

We have just learned that a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution is serving a two years' sentence for grand larceny, in the West Pennsylvania Penitentiary, at Allegheny City.

The Colorado Institution closed school last week.

Can't the *Press* find a market for its bold down in Virginia?

Seven pupils will graduate this term from the Minnesota Institution.

The Illinois Institution valedictorian is Miss Mary Peck, of Chicago.

The Texas Institution also wants the State printing done at its office.

I. L. Smith delivered the valedictory address at the Minnesota Institution.

Good health and high spirits are reported to the *Illinois* Institution.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet conducted the examinations at the West Virginia Institution.

The *Advance* says that the "institutional tends to make papery of mutes."

The boys' Literary Society at the Illinois Institution is increasing in membership.

A graduate of the *Star* office is earning his salt in a printing-office somewhere in Kansas.

Mr. Peet will probably not thank the *Mirror* for stowing him away among the dead men. He is very much alive; but confounding him with his father, Dr. H. P. Peet, is not a sin peculiar to the *Mirror* alone.

Prov. Job Turner was in Jacksonville, Ill., last week and stated that he was very much delighted with his visit at the deaf-mute institution, and that he has never seen a more beautiful chapel than that at the institution.

We notice that in some of the institutions half-days were allowed on Decoration Day.

The Minnesota Institution inmates had a holiday on the afternoon of Decoration Day.

The hop, skip and jump chap of the Michigan Institution has made his 100 feet and is happy.

The Ohio Institution base-ball club won recent games by scores of 20 to 3; 16 to 3; and 17 to 2.

"The Eclectic Press" is the name of a live little sheet published at the Indiana Institution. "Next."

A lady of the Kansas Institution recently killed a mouse. The operation was performed in good style.

The *Press* has adjourned for vacation, but may put in an occasional appearance during the summer.

The steward of the Michigan Institution has mounted. In fact has shed his hair and whiskers—every hair of them. He has bought a wig, and laid his razor on the shelf. Medical experts can account for the phenomenon.

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## Correspondence.

### Who is The "Dog in The Manger?"

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### PROF. JOB TURNER IN KANSAS.

#### MEETING WITH MANY FRIENDS.

Olathe, Kan., June 7, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I cannot realize that I am now in this beautiful State, because I used to think it to be a wild country.

I arrived here yesterday afternoon, and am now a State guest of this institution, the principal of which sent me a cordial invitation to visit it some time ago. On my arrival at the institution I was sorry and surprised to find him confined to his office. He has been laid up for several months, but is getting better and hopes to be up and attend the annual examinations next week. He is doing all he can to make my stay pleasant. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and his pupils seem well pleased with his management. He is assisted by three speaking teachers and two deaf-mutes, whose names are Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, both graduates of the New York Institution. The lady is a sister to the wife of Mr. David R. Tillingshast, of the North Carolina Institution, at Raleigh. There are about 80 pupils in this institution, but I am told that the number will probably be increased to 100 next session.

The country around Olathe is very beautiful. They tell me that Olathe is the prettiest place in Kansas. This institution is situated in a very healthy place, surrounded by a very beautiful prairie, which looks level like an ocean when it is not agitated by strong winds.

I am told but one death has entered this institution since its establishment, and that was a case of consumption. This proves that this institution is very well managed.

This school was first established at Baldwin City, several miles from this place, by Professor Emery, now principal of the Chicago Day School for Deaf-mutes, and afterwards his place was taken by Mr. Noddyke, I believe, formerly a teacher in Indiana or Illinois. How long he was in office does not occur to me. After his resignation "Joe Mount" became his successor, and removed the school to this place. He did not remain principal long, but threw up his position on account of disagreements. Mr. Burnsides, now of the Pennsylvania Institution, succeeded him, and was assisted by Mr. Crouter, a professor in the Pennsylvania Institution. Shortly afterwards they gave up their places on that account. Mr. Bowles is now and has been principal since then. I am told that he has made some very good improvements in and around this institution. This institution now occupies only a wing. The principal is waiting for money enough from the next legislature to erect the main building and another wing. When completed, according to the architect's plans, it will present a splendid appearance from a distance. I am truly pleased with this picturesque though level country. No mountains can be seen from the top of this institution. Well may this place be called the paradise of Kansas. I am under the impression that Kansas is, next to Texas, the most fertile State in the Union.

### NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

#### NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

Last Sunday evening, which was Whit-Sunday, Dr. Gallaudet returned to the Church of the Intercession, near here, and preached a sermon, to its members. A dozen or so of our folks who are communicants of that church went over to hear him, and Dr. Peet, by his lucid signs, interpreted the discourse for their benefit. It was a very beautiful sermon on Christ's visit to Jacob's well at Samaria and the golden words he uttered there, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

The saving in large buildings is often overbalanced in repairs, care, etc., while smaller ones, though costing a few dollars more on the start, can be taken care of at a less cost than large ones. Besides self-interest pervades every calling in life, even that of the gospel! For if preachers had no self-interest in the cause very few of them would follow it, much less sacrifice health, etc., for a cause beyond this life.

So it may be with some of those who contend for small institutions, while those who oppose such are as much self-interested, if not real selfish, in opposing a movement for a more equal distribution of mute educational facilities in populous centres, be those centres cities or a collection of counties. It savors too much of self-interest, if not of selfishness, for those in charge of large institutions to be the first in print to cry, "self-interest!" against those contending for a just cause, and for those institution magnates to hotly and wrongly contend for more shows plainly "a dog in the manger" disposition, if not a "cloven-footed" desire for an exclusive monopolization of a great public interest that belongs to the people and not to a mysterious few. And that self-interest that subserves more of the public good than self is far better than that self-interest that subverts public interest for self. It would look and be far better and more in keeping with their claims as benevolent Christian men if the superintendents of all institutions, especially large ones, would favor, encourage and aid every movement that aims to better or facilitate mute education and interest here, there and everywhere, with no great regard for their bread and butter, etc., than in contending for an exclusive control of this great public charity.

And the first one to cordially admit that "there is unfortunately work enough for all and to spare" is Dr. I. L. Peet, of the oldest New York Institution. Who next? Though New York has six schools for mutes, scattered over the State and a very flourishing one right under the shadows of the mother institution, yet she continues to hold her own, because the increase of institutions does not necessarily despoil the others, but brings out and elevates the hidden mutes, in their respective localities, who would not and could not attend any other institution. So you see the cry "self-interest," etc., is all wrong. FAX.

Washington Heights, June 13, 1878.

### THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST, AND ITS VICINITY.

From our regular correspondent.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have hardly deserved the title of correspondent lately. The fact is that I have been unable to pick up any news which would prove interesting to your readers.

It is rumored that Messrs. John Barrick and John Lane, together with five mutes, have lately organized another society on Vine street, in opposition to the Cincinnati church deaf-mute society. Your correspondent did not believe the rumors at first, but was at last induced to go to the new society to ascertain the truth, and it proved to be too true. The reasons why Messrs. Barrick and Lane did so are that the former is strongly prejudiced against the Episcopal Church, and the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and did not want any one to preach to the mutes here but himself, and the latter was defeated in obtaining the election as an assistant manager of the old society, on account of his poor education.

In justice to Mr. R. P. McGregor and the members of the old society I would say that they are not working under the jurisdiction of the Episcopal church, but they are a body of members of every denomination, who merely meet in an Episcopal church to attend the lectures for moral and religious instruction. Thus at a recent meeting thirty-four mutes were present; of that number 5 were Catholics, 4 Presbyterians, 4 Baptists, 4 Jews, 3 Episcopalians and the remaining 14 belonging to your esteemed paper, so I shall close these few lines by wishing you immense success in all your undertakings.

Yours very respectfully,

### LEGAL NOTICES.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a certain mortgage, bearing date the 2d day of February, 1876, made and executed by Patrick Ryan and Johanna, his wife, of the City of Oswego, in the County of Oswego, and State of New York, between the said William T. Barnes of the same place, which said mortgage is recorded in the clerk's office of the County of Oswego, aforesaid, in book of mortgages No. 108, at page 133, on the 4th day of February, 1876, at 4 o'clock P.M.

And, whereas, the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage, at the date of the first publication of notice, was one hundred and eighty-five (\$285) dollars and seventeen (17) cents, namely, two hundred and sixty dollars for principal, and twenty-five (\$25) dollars and seven (17) cents for interest, and that said sum is the full amount of said mortgage both principal and interest, remitted.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, according to the statute in such case made and provided, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, duly recorded therewith, as aforesaid, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by the undersheriff, the mortgagee thereof, by his auction on the 13th day of September, 1878, next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Law Office of N. W. Nutting, in the City of Oswego, in said County of Oswego, corner West First and Bridge streets.

Dated at Oswego, the 12th day of June, 1878.

TIMOTHY MAHONEY, Assignee.

N. W. NUTTING, Attorney for Assignee.

24-m13

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Arnold E. Barnes, late of the town of Albion, who sold certain land to the assignee, with the vouchers thereof, to M. W. Collins, Attorney for Executor, at the Surrogate's office, in Mexico, on or before the 12th day of August, 1878, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.

Dated Mexico, Feb. 18, 1878.

Susie GEORGE E. BELLAMY, Executor.

24-m13

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.

### A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JUNE 23d, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 23d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis III.

2d Lesson—Acts IX, 1-32.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—Joshua III, v. 7, to IV, 1-15.

2d Lesson—Acts VI.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 23d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis VI.

2d Lesson—1st Timothy VI.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—Joshua VI, v. 18, to VII, 1-15.

2d Lesson—2d Peter II.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Trinity.

Lost Seven Pounds in Three Weeks.

Allan's Anti-Fat is a genuine medicine, and will reduce corpulence from two to five pounds per week. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, acting entirely on the food in the stomach, preventing the formation of fat. It is also a positive remedy for dyspepsia and rheumatism.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 11th, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

Gentlemen:—The lady alluded to lost seven pounds in three weeks, by the use of Allan's Anti-Fat.

Yours truly,

SMITH, DOOLITTLE & SMITH,

Wholesale Druggists.

—What do our eastern girls say to this? A wealthy Illinois farmer came to Berks county, Penn., the other day and offered \$4,000 in cash and a 200-acre farm for a husband for his only daughter. It is said that this sort of flesh and blood huckstering is carried on quite extensively by western parents, and that the scarcity of marrying young men in the East is largely the result of the traffic.

—Of the seventy-seven men who are to be graduated at Amherst this month, says an exchange, sixty-two go to theatres, thirty-one dance, twenty-seven smoke, fifty-one play cards, nine chew, sixty-one are church members, sixty-three are free traders, forty-nine are total abstainers, twenty-one study law, and nineteen will enter the ministry. Only one goes into literature.

—Near Bayou Sara, La., as Dr. W. B. Archer was returning to his home, one evening recently, he was waylaid and fired upon by a party of six negroes, his clothing being thoroughly riddled, but himself escaping injury. The men being known they were captured, except one who escaped, two hundred of the citizens assembled, tried, and partly from confession of some of the prisoners and with other evidence, found them guilty of firing upon with intent to kill. The prisoners were then started, in charge of a party of citizens, for the court-house to be turned over to the authorities; but before proceeding far they were intercepted, taken by force from the guard, and all five of them hung.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Is a combination of vegetable alternatives in the form of a syrup; pleasant to the taste, adapted to both sexes and all ages, a specific in Kidney and Liver Complaints, and efficacious in purifying the Blood, curing Scrofula and kindred diseases. Affords almost immediate relief in all complaints and Constitution, as well as those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to Females. It is safe, simple and easily digestible, and will not interfere with the use of any other medicine. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and, price, which is only One Dollar a bottle.

DR. KENNEDY'S SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER BONDOUTNY.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

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I have spent but one day at this institution, and must get off for St. Louis to-night. I hope to make this place another and a longer visit next winter. They say it does not often snow here, nor deep.

I have had the pleasure of seeing my friend Mr. Wyckoff, a graduate of the Canajoharie Institution, under Levi S. Backus. I had not seen him for above thirty years. I met him at the New York Institution while Dr. H. P. Peet was principal. He is, I believe, in comfortable circumstances. He has a farm of his own, and one or more houses for rent.

I called on Mrs. Wyckoff, formerly Miss Orpha Lyman, of Oneida county, N.Y. She was educated at the Canajoharie Institution. She looks smart for one of her age. Their speaking son is a teacher in this institution and has been for three years.

Mr. Richard T. Thompson, a graduate of the New York Institution, speaks affectionately of his old teacher, Dr. I. L. Peet, now principal of that institution. He has my many hearty thanks for his politeness to his new friend, Mrs. Thompson, formerly Miss May E. Stansbury, of Baldwinsville, N.Y., looks hearty and happy.

The Kansas Star is published by the principal's oldest son, 18 years old. He must be smart. I am pleased with his gentlemanly appearance. I am writing this in great haste, as I am about starting for St. Louis, which place I shall reach to-morrow, at 7 o'clock, and then I shall go on to Jacksonville, Ill., the same night.

Ever yours most sincerely,  
JOHN TURNER.

### He Wants to Resign.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please publish the following in your paper:  
*To Mr. E. W. Curtis, of New Gloucester, Me., Secretary of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission.*

DEAR SIR:—I wrote to Mr. C. A. Brown, of Belfast, Me., expressing my desire to resign the office of President of the above-named society, believing it impossible for me to attend to the business successfully. Not having heard anything from him, I again express my desire to resign the office, hoping for the success of your work.

I am very truly yours,  
JOHN W. PAGE  
Biddeford, Me., June 10, 1878.

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THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST, AND ITS VICINITY.

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*Continued from first page.*

the foot of a magnolia tree, Monroe rests under a memorial which the State paid for though it never ordered it. The Legislature appropriated "\$2,000, or so much of it as might be necessary," for the removal of Monroe's remains from New York to Richmond. Only a small portion of the money was expended, and with the remainder, ecked out with something from the contingent fund, Governor Henry A. Wise built the monument of his own motion and without any authority. Tyler's bust by Volk, taken from mask of the corpse and a faithful likeness, is in the State Library, as is also a large portrait by Hart, of Kentucky, a gift to Virginia from Tyler's daughter, Mrs. Letitia Tyler-Semple, of Baltimore.

John Tyler sleeps alone in the extreme south-eastern corner of his section, which is neither enclosed nor curbed. Mrs. Tyler, in speaking of her husband's grave, always declares that she expects the commonwealth to erect there a monument worthy of it and him. Maury's grave, alike unmarked, is in the adjoining section north; south is the section of General Joseph R. Anderson. Close by, in the circle, are the tombs of Monroe, of William Allen, one of Jefferson Davis' bondsmen; of Dr. Lawrence Roane Warren, the eminent physician and philanthropist; of James M. Mason, the Confederate Envoy; of John M. Daniel, of the *Enquirer*; of Mrs. Elvira A. Bruce (Miss Cabeil), whose first husband was Patrick Henry, Jr., and of "Little Joe," Jefferson Davis' son, killed in Richmond during the war by a fall. Not far away sleep 16,000 Confederate soldiers, round a tall pyramidal monument of rough granite blocks, among them J. E. B. Stuart, Pickett, of Gettysburg fame, and A. P. Hill, and there, too, are the ashes of Henry A. Wise, and of Thomas Ritchie, of the *Enquirer*, "the Father of Democracy."

James Knox Polk retired from the Presidency March 4, 1849; he reached his home in Nashville early in May, and there he died on the 15th of June after an illness of a few days. He remained to the last his faculties, dying without a murmur or a struggle after setting his affairs and making profession of his faith in God. His remains were laid next day, with Masonic and religious ceremonies, in a temporary vault in the city cemetery, whence they were removed, May 22, 1850, to their present resting-place.

The Polk mansion, still tenanted by Mrs. Sarah Childress Polk, the high-bred and stately woman who presided over the Republican Court at Washington from 1845 to 1849, stands at the corner of Vine and Union streets. An iron gate, surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, gives access from Vine street to a broad avenue bordered by mulberry-trees and silver poplars, and leading to the Polk mansion, a three-story house of brick, with lofty porticos. A few feet from the gate a white shell path conducts to the tomb of the ex-President, which stands in the centre of a smooth grass plot encircled by another path of dazzling white shells, by which a clump of white lilies are in full bloom. There are some small shrubs bordering the path, but no other trees or flowers. The monument, which is about twelve feet square and as many high, is in limestone, the work of William Strickland, architect of the capitol. In style it is Grecian Doric, though the columns are unfluted which support the usual architrave, frieze, cornice and attic. The stone or column on the floor beneath rises to a height of some five feet, and though solid is of similar shape. The tendrils of a plant of Kerilworth ivy cling to one of the columns. On the architrave of the eastern front are engraved these words:

JAMES KNOX POLK,  
Tenth President of the United States,  
Born November 2, 1795.  
Died June 15, 1849.

The monument proper bears on its eastern, northern and southern faces the following inscription:

The mortal remains of JAMES KNOX POLK are resting in the vault of the Polk family in Franklin County, N. C. They were interred with his father, Samuel Polk, to whom he was attached in life; the excellence of Christianity was exemplified in his death. By his public policy he defined, established and extended the boundaries of his country. He placed the laws of the American Union on the shore of the Pacific; his influence and his counsels tended to organize the National Treasury on the principles of the Constitution and to apply the rule of freedom to navigation, trade and industry. His life was devoted to the welfare of his country. He was a citizen of the first place in the State and Federal governments; a member of Congress and Chairman of the most important Congressional committees; Speaker of the House of Representatives; Governor of Tennessee and President of the United States.

The mansion is about twenty-five yards distant. Vine street is one of the principal thoroughfares of Nashville, and often as a public procession throngs by Polk place, the music is hushed and all heads are uncovered in silent and respectful tribute to the statesman laid in that pleasant garden-corner nearly thirty years ago.

Zachary Taylor's body now occupies its third grave and soon will find a resting-place in a fourth. It was first placed in the cemetery at Washington, and thence removed to the Taylor homestead, five miles back of Louisville, Ky., whence a few months ago it was taken to Cave Hill Cemetery, at Louisville. The old family burial-ground had in years of neglect gone to complete ruin, the rotten palings had crumbled away or been laid prostrate by storms or breaching cattle, and weeds or rank grass were matted over the sunken mounds, when Taylor's nephew, Richard Taylor, removed the bones of his distinguished relative

to Cave Hill, where their present resting-place is indicated by a small and plain slab of white marble. In the course of the summer they will be taken to Frankfort, where over them the State will erect an appropriate monument. The Legislature at its last session appropriated \$5,000 for this purpose, and Senator Beck has a bill before Congress for extending further aid to the project from the National Treasury. Taylor's ashes will thus repose beside those of Vice-President Richard Mentor Johnson, which are laid beneath a beautiful monument reciting his history, and depicting on a marble frieze the famous and much-challenged incident of the shooting of Tecumseh.

Three miles north of Buffalo, where the bright and rolling Scagajada ripples over its rocky terraces of limestone and through fair groves of oak, beech and maple, is Forest Lawn Cemetery. The waves of the great city sweep round its flanks, and there are glimpses of roofs and tall spires seen through the foliage, but the chirp of the grasshopper of a sultry summer afternoon is louder than there than the murmur of the busy town. Almost upon the crest of the hill and near the centre of the cemetery rises the obelisk of Scotch granite that marks the resting-place of Millard Fillmore. Standing beside it, the visitor's eye ranges over the dark green of the cemetery and to the right the beautiful glades of Central Park; how gay bright and animated all summer through, its grounds are just across the white strip of highway! To the left are the half-seen walls and spires of Buffalo, in front the red towers and long row of buildings of the yet unfinished Union. The Niagara River flows not far beyond, its course hidden by a rise of ground, but its neighborhood revealed by the cooling breeze that constantly flows from it.

The Fillmore lot is thirty feet by forty, inclosed by a plain iron railing set in a stone curb and containing four graves. Originally there stood in its centre, erected after the death of the first Mrs. Fillmore, a base, die and spire of Italian marble, but it was replaced some years ago by an obelisk of highly polished Scotch granite twenty-two feet in height, resting on a pedestal of the same material superimposed on a base of Lockport stone. A slight moulding running round the pedestal is the only ornament; the word "Fillmore" is on the northern side of the base in large raised letters. The inscriptions upon the faces of the shaft are deeply incised, and not being gilded, can with difficulty be deciphered at the distance of a few feet.

Millard Fillmore's grave is at the eastern extremity of the lot in the centre of the grassy space. At its head rises the monument; over it is a small arch of green wire supporting a large cross surmounted by a crown, both of juniper and purple and yellow immortelles all faded and dry. In the southeastern corner is a great Norway spruce, the shadow from which falls on the foot of the grave; another just opposite sweeps with its low boughs the mound under which rests Fillmore's beloved daughter. Two rustic seats of green wire are near and an iron urn for flowers fallen from its pedestal, lies overturned under the evergreen. The monument, which is about twelve feet square and as many high, is in limestone, the work of William Strickland, architect of the capitol. In style it is Grecian Doric, though the columns are unfluted which support the usual architrave, frieze, cornice and attic. The stone or column on the floor beneath rises to a height of some five feet, and though solid is of similar shape. The tendrils of a plant of Kerilworth ivy cling to one of the columns. On the architrave of the eastern front are engraved these words:

MILLARD FILLMORE,  
Born  
January 7, 1800.  
Died  
March 8, 1874.

Three graves are side by side at the lower (western) extremity of the lot—those of Mrs. Abigail Powers Strong (she was twice married), mother of the first Mrs. Fillmore; of her daughter, Abigail Powers Fillmore, and of the latter's daughter, Mary Abigail Fillmore. A small headstone with initials marks each grave. An inscription on the western face of the spire is devoted to Mrs. Fillmore; that on the southern is to "Our Children." After Millard Powers Fillmore's name is a blank. That gentleman still lives at Buffalo. His sister, the President's idolized child, died suddenly of cholera at Aurora, N. Y., while visiting her grandfather, so suddenly that her father could only reach the spot, only sixteen miles away, in time to close her eyes. This was in 1854, sixteen months after the death of her mother. Miss Fillmore's loveliness of mind and person are fondly remembered by the elder generation of Buffalonians. She had received a brilliant education, and as part of its discipline been a teacher in one of the public schools. The remaining face of the shaft bears the name, with blanks for dates, of Caroline Carmichael, Mr. Fillmore's second wife, who survives him.

Closely beside Fillmore's grave rise the splendid centennial monument erected by Mr. E. G. Spaulding, in memory of his ancestors who fought at Bunker Hill and the monuments of Stephen Champlain and the gallant Bidwell, who fell at Cedar Creek. But perhaps more interesting are the two graves beside the President's. His neighbor in death is Judge N. K. Hall, who died a few days before him. The next grave is that of Solomon G. Haven. "Fillmore, Hall & Havens" the little sign-board over a modest law-office used to read, and in the same order "Fillmore, Hall & Havens" sleep side by side in Forest Lawn. Friends and partners in life, in death they are not divided.

After an illness of three months Franklin Pierce died at the residence of Mr. Willard Williams, Concord, N. H., at 2 o'clock on the morning of October 8, 1869. The body, after lying in state in Doric Hall, in the Capitol, was laid in the Minot Cemetery, in the centre of the built-up portion of the city, where he desired to be buried, as it was not, like the other

the east and west parishes divide, over it being sung Pierce's favorite hymn: "While Thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled, And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled."

The Pierce lot is at the north-western corner of the Minot enclosure, which adjoins the Old Cemetery and contains about an acre of level ground. It is surrounded by a neat iron fence six feet high, traversed by concrete paths and neatly sodded, though there are neither inclosures nor curbs. Pierce's monument is of pure Italian marble, elaborately wrought, a spire, with cap, die and plinth resting on a base of granite 3½ feet square, and the total height being 14 feet 8 inches. On the plinth is the word "Pierce," in large raised letters, and on the panel of the die this inscription:

FRANKLIN PIERCE,  
Born November 23, 1804.  
Died October 8, 1869.

The grave is neatly kept and the monument frequently cleaned and cared for. His wife's body rests beside Pierce's to the south; above it is a marble spire, with a hand pointing heavenwards, surmounted by the words, in an arc of a circle, "Other refuge have I none." Their two sons, Robert and Franklin, are buried beside their father, to the north.

Close by Pierce in the Minot Cemetery sleep his life-long friend, Henry H. Carroll, editor of the *Patriot*, and Matthew Harvey, a well-known jurist and politician.

In the Old Cemetery lie the founders of Concord, the Bradleys, Walkers and Stickneys,

Timothy Walker, first minister of the town, and Asa McFarland, his successor;

Philip Carrigan, Secretary of State,

and the maker of the first map of New Hampshire, is buried in an obscure corner, and near the front entrance is the grave of Countess Rumford, Rumford's adopted daughter, who returned to Concord to close there a long life of sweet and noble charities, in 1852. Ere the city encroached upon its narrow limits beautiful views were presented from the Old Cemetery, where one looked eastward across the broad intervals of the Merrimack, and saw further on the green or golden slopes crowned with wooded hills, within the full fore-ground the long and graceful sweep of the river, and to the north the bold granite mass of Rattlesnake Hill. But now the city's buildings have circumscribed the view. This platform, floored with gigantic flags of Illinois limestone, is the apparent base of the shaft and pedestals for the support of the statuary, these occupying a space 54 feet square, the pedestals at the corner being circular and 11 feet in diameter. From the centre rises the shaft, 12 feet square at the base and 8 at the top, 98 feet 4 inches from the ground, with a winding staircase within. Shields of polished granite, bearing the names of the States and linked by two bands of like material, encircle the square below its edge. On the pedestals, at the corners, are heroic groups in bronze representing the naval and the three branches of the military service. Seven feet above them, on the southern side of the shaft, on a pedestal whereon the national coat-of-arms is carved, stands the statue of Lincoln. In the block below the escutcheon is the inscription in great letters of polished granite:

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Beneath is his wife's name, the dates of her birth and death, with the words "In memory of our Father and Mother," the monument having been erected by the President's three surviving children. Pilasters on either side of the plinth support funeral urns. On the die, which is 3½ feet square and 3 feet 2 inches high, are carved the scroll of the Constitution, the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments not being visible, and an open Bible on which rests a hand as if in the act of taking an oath. From this springs a tapering shaft of marble 13 feet high and 2 feet 10 inches square at the base, festooned at the top with the American flag and surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings as if protecting it.

Lincoln, born in a log-hut, is buried under a towering pile of marble, granite and bronze. Oak Ridge Cemetery, a mile and a half north of Springfield, Ill., contains ninety-seven acres of high broken land, clad with a luxuriant turf and thickly dotted with trees. The hills are divided about midway by a small stream running from east to west, between two of the most considerable elevations. In the northern half of the cemetery all the interments but one have been made; there lie, with scores of others celebrated in history, the remains of General Joseph Edwards, first Governor of the Territory, and William H. Bissell, tenth Governor of the State. From the brow of the hill looking over the beautiful valley with its mimic lakes, its drives, its dark thickets and bright parterres, one sees just across to the southward the great pile in the heart of which are Lincoln's honored remains.

By the side of the monument are the graves of the President's two sons, Charles, a surgeon, killed by a fall from his horse at Nashville in 1863, and Robert, colonel of a Tennessee cavalry regiment, who died suddenly in 1869, just as his father, by whom he was idolized, was setting out to canvass the State.

Thus sleep in death the seventeenth Presidents of the United States.

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